

# The Devil in a Whirl-wind at Westminster-Hall.

Being a Comical Relation of the great Fright the Lawyers and others were put in, last Wednesday, by a Storm blowing down old Bradshaw's Head, and breaking into Westminster-Hall.

UPON the Southern End of that great Hall,  
Where *Sempstresses* do cant, and *Lawyers* baul ;  
Where Country-Folks on shatter'd Colours stare,  
And *Clients* feed their *Rooks* with golden Fare ;  
A Hurricane or dreadful Storm did rise,  
Beneath the Concave of the trembling Skies,  
Whose raging Fury seemed to invade  
That Iron Tripes which of Old was made,  
To raise three Rebels Heads upon, whose Pride  
Assumed over Church and State to ride,  
In those Rebellious Times of Forty Eight  
When only Fools and Knaves were fortunate.

Upon this lofty Triple Iron Frame,  
Were fixt the Heads of those great Sons of Shame  
And Treason, *Ireton* and cursed *Noll*,  
Whose most inglorious, and as empty Poll,  
With t'other's long ago did yield to Time,  
And in Oblivion fell, to hide their Crime.  
But cursed Bradshaw's Skull remaining still  
Upon this lofty Station, whose great skill  
In Treason orthodox, and in Faction brave,  
Incited him to make his King a Slave ;  
To popular Contempt he sign'd his Fate  
To cut him off before his Palace Gate ;  
And the admiring, and as hateful World,  
B'ing weary, not to see this Monster hurl'd  
From those most lofty Battlements, whereby  
His Name and Sight may in Oblivion lie,  
A blust'ring Storm upon this Pile arose,  
Whose Fury did this empty Skull depose,  
And threw it from its Iron Throne ; but in  
Its mighty Fall, occasion'd by its Sin,  
Some Ruines falling with a hideous Noise,  
Which made each Lawyer soon to leave his Cause,  
And sadly dreading that the Judgment Day  
Was come, they nimbly striv'd to run away.

Young Maids with aking Hearts and trembling Thighs,  
Under their Compters in great Horror lies ;  
Whilst antient Women, in as great surprize,  
From Place to Place do hop, and shut their Eyes.  
Here *Tip-staves* and chouc'd *Clients* nimbly ran,  
Whilst there some Gown-men, who wou'd strive to shun  
The Storm, do into nooks and Corners run ;  
Nay, one crept into such a dismal Hole for fear,  
That to pull him out again they were in despair.  
But at the length the Storm b'ing over, all  
Packt up their Awls, and trooped from the Hall.